

# Foot Raker

(And Another Free Story 'Sunlight' With No Budget)

By Martin Brady

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I've always enjoyed Summer Blockbusters. This is my spoof Summer Blockbuster Foot Raker which does its best to follow the formula.

I've also added an additional story at the ending called Sunlight which covers my thoughts on Budget Horror Movies with a budget of Bagels and Coffee and actors who are not paid or who could care less. The final story is ridiculous and that is the point of it. If you find it terrible then that is the point of it. Enjoy. Or maybe don't enjoy it. If you really hate the story I will be very happy.

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## Agent Methane

Agent Methane sat on board a transatlantic flight to an exotic destination when the Stewardess gave him his secret mission card which was the mat for his shaken and stirred lemon soda with a twist of raspberry.

He put on his special glasses and the recording played.

"Your mission should you choose to accept it Agent Methane is to infiltrate and break up Sotcre which is secretly planning world domination during their dark side of the moon Sotcre tournament. You must infiltrate a Sotcre team and find out where all the money is going. If you do not accept this mission then you're fired. This message will burst into flames in one second."

The beer mat suddenly caught fire and Agent Methane threw it into a rubbish collection bag an Air Stewardess was using.

The rubbish bag then burst into flames.

The Stewardess screamed out and everyone fought to put out the flames.

"How did this happen?" asked a nun.

"He did it!!" pointed a kid in a cowboy hat at Agent Methane. Methane made a face at the kid.

Immediately half a dozen air marshals leapt out of their seats.

A granny.

A chubby kid.

The nun.

A man dressed in a white panama suit.

And one of them dropped out of the ceiling for good measure.

"AIR MARSHALS!!" they all screamed.

"It's ok. It's ok," said Agent Methane. "I'm a secret agent. On a top secret mission. Go about your business." The Stewardess made a face at Agent Methane.

"AW COME ON!! Not ANOTHER secret agent!!" screamed one of the Air Marshalls. "I WANT A TRANSFER!!" said the Chubby Air Marshal.

Agent Methane lifted his half-empty glass of soda with a twist of raspberry.

"Another one," he said to the stewardess and pocketed his secret agent identity card belonging to the SMARFASS Organization. Nobody knew what SMARFASS meant but the card looked authentic and so the flight continued on its way.

Methane pressed the flight attendant button.

"What?!" asked the exasperated Stewardess.

"Can we redirect the flight to Europe?" he asked. "It would save me a lot of time for my mission."

# Agent Fred

*An Undisclosed Pub Location Somewhere Near Bracknell in the UK*

Agent Methane sat in a bar beside a man.

"The weather is not good for this time of year," said Methane.

"No it isn't," said the man.

Methane looked at the man.

"Oh sorry," said Fred. He took out his reply card. *"I guess it is not for this time of the year considering the news report last night."*

*Methane smiled.*

*"Agent Methane, my friends call me Methane."*

*"Soctre Agent Fred," said Fred. "So you want to play Soctre in the World Soctre Competition. You any good?"*

*"I AM AWESOME," said Methane.*

*On a nearby Soctre pitch, Fred gave Methane a Soctre ball.*

*"Show me the Soctre," said Fred.*

*He kicked the ball to Methane.*

*"You want me to show you the Soctre?" replied Methane.*

*Fred nodded.*

*"Show me," replied Fred. He folded his arms.*

*Methane then picked up the ball and ran at Fred and knocked him over and jumped into the goals.*

*He landed against the netting and the temporary goals fell over and he ended up tied up in the goal nets.*

*"SCORE!!" screamed Methane.*

*Fred raised his eyes.*

*"Ok we have some work to do," replied Fred.*

## The 33rd Team

Fred brought Methane to the Sockre world cup draws.

Each team was brought out and the crowd clapped and cheered.

There were thirty-two teams of amazing athletes.

Each time a team arrived Methane asked the same question:

"Can I play for this team?"

And each time Fred said firmly. "No."

The teams were then drawn against one another.

Then Sockre Head Dr. Blowthumb arrived carrying his pet ferret Ernesto.

Behind him followed his personal body guard Miss Amelia Fonnyballs, or Fonnyballs to her friends.

She was over six foot six and had extremely large hands.

She wore dark sunglasses and stood behind Dr. Blowthumb as he prepared to make his speech.

"People of planet Earth. As head of Sockre I welcome you to our game of world Sockre domination which will be held on the dark side of the moon this year to show that Sockre is also a Galactic Sport. I look forward to see all the qualifying teams at the high altitude Himalayas training centres where you will receive training as astronauts and Sockre ball skills. But first, I have to make an important announcement."

Fred nudged Methane in the ribs.

"This year there will be a thirty-third team entering the World Sockre Competition. After the kidnapping of the Republic of Ireland goal keeper by the French in the last five minutes of their qualifier and then scoring one hundred and twenty one goals to win the deciding match I have decided that in the spirit of fairness that the competition should have an extra place in the competition and the Republic of Ireland will come to the dark side of the moon with the other Sockre teams."

There was uproar and many questions.

"I offered them a shit load of money to not go to the Sockre World Cup but they refused saying it was against the morals to accept money like this and so we have a thirty-third team coming to the dark side of the moon."

Dr. Blowthumb refused to answer any more questions and left.

"Do you have any Irish relations Methane?" asked Fred.

"I'm 144th part Icelandic," replied Methane.

"Close enough," said Fred, getting confirmation that Methane could join the Republic of Ireland

team as the thirty-third team. "You and me are going to the Soctre World Cup! WE'RE IN!!"

## High Altitude

In the base camp in the mountains all the Socré teams of the world gathered and Dr. Blowthumb arrived on stage.

He threw money out into the area where the players were and they all grabbed handfuls.

It had been decided that the Republic of Ireland would go to the Socré World cup but that they would not play any matches.

"But we still have to train and put them under pressure," said Methane.

"Put who under pressure?" asked Fred.

"Not sure exactly," said Methane looking mysterious, looking at the stage as Miss Fonnyballs arrived on stage to do a musical number.

She hopped onto a moving goal post and sang and began to twerk.

Methane looked at Fred. "What does Olé, Olé, Olé mean?"

Fred shrugged his shoulders. "So have you figured out Socré yet?" asked Fred.

"Yeah, it's easy, when you get the ball, kick it long and wait for someone to head it at the other end of the field."

# The Interview

The Foreign Press Association interviewed Dr. Blowthumb.

"Dr. Blowthumb what were you thinking by having the world Sockre competition on the moon?"

"Why not?" asked Blowthumb and he smiled.

The Interviewer leaned forward. "Because there is almost no gravity, it's freezing cold, plus there is no oxygen and there is only one outdoor Sockre pitch." The Interviewer raised his eyes. "Need I go on?!"

Blowthumb was undeterred by the criticism. "Well we have built the new Sockre pitches and who cares what the temperature is! They will have space suits!! Don Smith discovered the giant obelisk on the moon when he was doing his moon raking twenty years ago and he realized the real reason why it was there. It was an ancient Sockre goal post! He put another beside it and made a Sockre pitch. When I saw him playing Sockre on the moon, he inspired me to host the world Sockre competition there. Plus for the fans the view will be GREAT!"

The interviewer nodded.

"There are those that say you really want to rule planet Earth and you're going to make so much money from this tournament that you will be able to buy the Earth."

Blowthumb laughed. "I can already buy the Earth many times over but I am a humanitarian. Isn't that right Ernesto?"

His pet ferret made a happy noise and then disappeared into his pocket.

# Lift Off!

"Footraker lift off!" said Soctre space commander. All across the planet, the Soctre Space Shuttles blasted off for the World Soctre Cup.

Footraker Germany

Footraker France

Footraker Brazil

Footraker Mexico

Footraker USA

Footraker Jamaica Mon

The list went on and on. Soon the fans would be gathering on the moon arriving in their Footraker Soctre Ships and start practising drinking games on the moon.

Fred and Methane watched as their Footraker brought them to a giant Soctre space station.

"My God what is it?" asked Methane sounding dramatic.

"It's Big Footraker," said Fred. "We're going to practise playing Soctre in zero gravity to prepare us for the moon."

When they docked with Big Footraker they were met by uniformed staff who led them go to the games room where they would float in zero gravity and play Soctre.

The commander of the station walked over to them and looked very stern.

"You are the last hope of Earth to survive. Nobody thinks like you..."

The Soctre squad all looked at each other.

Fred smiled in an impressed way.

Methane nodded. It was clearly so true.

However a lady behind the commander cleared her throat and gave the base commander his card.

"Sorry, there's been a mistake. That's the speech for the next arrivals. All right!" he said. "You've been assigned to play Soctre against the Soctre droids. And it will be televised across all of planet Earth."

"Sounds easy," smiled Methane. He looked out in the zero gravity Soctre gaming area and could have sworn that one of the Soctre droids gave him the finger and laughed at him.

They floated out into the zero gravity Soctre area.

Fred started to spin uncontrollably and Methane threw up as he could not tell up from down.

After the game was over they sat in the changing area.

"Seventy nil," commented Fred. "Could have been worse."

Then Miss Fonnyballs walked by them and laughed loudly and uncontrollably.



Methane frowned and wiped the puke which he had spiralled through in zero gravity off his uniform. He missed his reliable climbing ropes and gravity. "This is my most dangerous mission so far!" snapped Methane.

## The Music Video

Methane and Fred had been chosen to help make the Soctre World Cup music video.

They walked down a slope with six other Soctre players into a dig where the first Obelisk goal post had been found.

Lights lit up the Soctre pitch.

The walked and danced to the poppy music video shaking their astronaut hips.

On the first Soctre pitch there was a flag at the bottom with the Soctre moon where there were dozens of other dancers in space suits.

They kicked a giant ball around and raised their hands in the air as the song played into their helmets.

TV images were projected onto the obelisks for the music video.

Then the music stopped and the First Director stepped forward. Behind him was the music director who only spoke through the first director.

"Do it again," said the First Director.

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!!!" screamed Fred. "WE'VE DONE IT EIGHTY TIMES ALREADY!!! HOW MANY MORE TIMES???"

The first director got his instructions. "Until we get it right," said the first director.

Fred fell on his knees and threatened to sob.

"I... I... can't take it any more," said Fred. He threatened to take off his space helmet.

"Take a break," said the First Director.

Fred and Methane sat under the original obelisk that had been found and fed on liquid ham sandwiches built into their suits.

They rubbed their helmets off the Obelisk goal post which was used to show images of dancing people on Earth like a TV screen and goals being scored by famous players.

"Do you ever wonder if we should have done something else Methane?" Fred picked up a stone and tapped it off Methane's helmet.

"You know I think you're right," replied Methane who also picked up a stone and tapped it off Fred's helmet and they made up a simple drum beat.

"Maybe we should become hyper-dimensional space travellers and master space and time and invert relativity," commented Fred.

"Makes perfect sense," said Methane, thinking about it some more.

"Let's do it AGAIN!" said the first director.

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!!" complained Fred. They stood up and started again. "Why couldn't we just fake being on the moon?"

# Moon Trouble

There was trouble on moon camp one.

Methane and Fred sat down as the team captain Ray stood up to complain about the situation again.

"He's kicking off again," whispered Fred.

They started their stop watches.

"The moon's surface is rock hard. It's like playing on a runway. The Gravity is pure shite. And the accommodation is a fecking disgrace. I mean who picked this bleeding place? We're millions of miles from Earth. And we don't even have enough Space Suits?!"

The manager sat forward. "But Ray we're not going to be playing a match here. All we have are some friendlies." He smiled in a fatherly way.

"Don't you bleeding start! Look at this, they gave Bill scuba gear. He's supposed to play Sotcre in Scuba gear on the moon! Jesus fecking Christ!!"

Bill looked up, wearing his scuba outfit. "Aw, I don't mind Ray. I'm just happy to be here."

"IS THAT ALL YE FECKERS WANT?? TO TURN UP, HUH?"

Mostly they just nodded. Then Ray began to swear.

"And look at this Gobshite here?!" shouted Ray. "I've never heard of this guy Methane and when I asked him where he played before he told me 'It was Fecking Classified?!' I've never heard of Classified United. Sure you're all all a pack of..."

Ray began to swear.

"Ah now Ray, c'mon let's have a cup of tea and a packet of crisps and calm down," said the coach.

"CALM DOWN! CALM DOWN!!" He pointed at the coach. "YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FECKIN' STICK YOUR CRISP SANDWICHES! I'M OUTTA HERE!!!"

Ray changed into his Space Suit and exited the air lock and took a run and a jump and floated back to Earth.

"Eight minutes, fifty seven second," whispered Fred.

"New Ray record," smiled Methane.

"Really," said Bill. "I don't mind the Scuba gear. Sure I'll be fine, I don't mind the frost bite," he said.

"That's the spirit lads," said the coach. "There's a party on tonight and you're all invited. There's a free bar and food paid for by Dr. Blowthumb."

The team all cheered.

## The Party

"After we eat, we figure out what Blowthumb is really up to," said Fred.

"Agreed," said Methane, eating avocado stuffed nachos, one in each hand.

Fred stuffed flavoured popcorn into his mouth which tasted of beef and onions.

"What do you think Blowthumb is really doing?" Fred drank one of the speciality beers.

"I'm thinking he's digging a hole to the centre of the moon and storing all the world's gold there to affect its price and become even richer," mused Methane. He ate some of the oysters and put some Tabasco sauce on them. "What about you?"

Fred sprinkled additional mozzarella cheese on his nachos, "I'm thinking he's building a Socrate robot army."

They both grabbed a glass of Champagne each and drank it down then then got some whiskey chasers.

"So how do you want to proceed?" asked Methane.

Fred belched and took two Chorizo Cheese Potato Wraps.

He ate them thoughtfully. "Maybe we sneak away during the party when no-one is looking?" He looked from left to right.

Methane ate barbecued spare ribs and knocked back some tequila. He thought about that plan as he chewed and swallowed.

Fred picked his teeth with the left overs of the mini chicken skewers while Methane mused.

"Too obvious," said Methane. He crunched down some chocolate drizzled peanut brittle. "But I do know one thing."

"What's that?" asked Fred, nibbling on some Crispy Tomatoes Provençal.

"I get a really bad feeling in my gut about Blowthumb."

Fred belched a little. "Yeah me too," he said thoughtfully, looking for something else to eat, swallowing a jalapeño pepper whole.

# One Small Game

Methane and Fred sat in the stands with their team for the first game of the Soctre World Cup.

A reproduction of the Apollo Lunar Module descended into the middle of the stadium and touched down.

Slowly an astronaut climbed out and down a set of stairs carrying a Soctre ball.

When he go to the surface, his voice could be heard everywhere.

"That's one small game for me, one giant kick for all of Soctre kind!"

He kicked the football high and everyone cheered.

Everyone cheered even the guy in the scuba suit.

Methane leaned into Fred.

"I have a plan," he said as the Soctre world moon cup began.

"About flipping time," said Fred.

## Crazy Golf

"Golf?!" said Fred. "You want to have a game of golf with Blowthumb on the moon? That's your big plan?!"

Methane nodded. "And I own an island now."

"Where did you get an island?"

"SMARFASS got it for me. It's in the Pacific ocean and it's radio active but we'll be able to play Soctre there which is all that matters but that's not all," said Methane. "I have radio controlled golf balls which you will control with this controller." He gave Fred the radio controller. "Blowthumb plays golf on the moon every afternoon. Now here is the plan."

Methane explained the plan.

Fred folded his arms and thought about it.

"You're bonkers," replied Fred.

# Balls

Methane and Fred met Blowthumb and Fonnyballs in the Footraker Golf club.

"You want a golf match Blowthumb?" asked Methane.

"I am a busy man," replied Blowthumb. "What are the stakes? I am also a very rich man," smiled Blowthumb.

Methane showed Blowthumb his deeds to his pacific island.

"We'll play for this island," said Methane. "If I win, I get to join Soctre with my island and if I lose you get the island and I'll go home and have a bowl of corn flakes."

"Deal," said Blowthumb. "Who's this?" he asked pointing at Fred who would caddy for Methane.

"This is my man servant Fred," said Methane.

Fred made a face at Methane.

"And this is Miss Fonnyballs, my body guard. Let the game begin!"

They played golf on the moon.

Fred nudged Methane. "I've forget my glasses," said Fred.

On the eleventh hole, they were all tied and Blowthumb's ball went out of bounds.

For a small while they searched for his lost ball.

"If you cannot find the ball, you'll have to forfeit the game Blowthumb," said Methane.

However, Fonnyballs stood beside Blowthumb and shook the leg of her space suit.

A small lever opened in the foot of her suit and a ball popped out, having fallen down her leg.

Blowthumb smiled at Fonnyballs.

"I've found it!" said Blowthumb and the game proceeded.

On the eighteenth and final hole to tie the game, Methane was dripping sweat.

He glanced at Fred whose hand was in the Golf bag.

He hit the ball towards the hole which was going to miss but it started to weave left and right.

Fred squinted his eyes as he placed his hand into the golf bag, moving a joystick.

The ball stopped, took a left turn, moved around a small moon rock, reversed and then went into the hole.

"A tie!!" said Blowthumb. "You know Mr. Methane, I like your game. I've never seen a golf ball change direction in the air like that or do a reverse like that on the green. You have quite some talent."

"I've been working on my topspin, back spin and golfing left turns. I had a good coach," smiled Methane. He glanced at Fred.

"Good, so we meet tomorrow in the Secret Soctre Moon Centre in Soctre Crater One where we will discuss the future of Soctre World Domination."

Miss Fonnyballs gave Fred a dismissive look and disappeared in the swirling moon dust driving their moon buggy.



## Body Guards

Fred sat in the bar while Methane went to his super secret meeting.

Unexpectedly Fonnyballs sat opposite him.

"Oh hi, Fonnyballs," said Fred.

"So you're a body guard as well," she said.

Fred paused, looking at Fonnyball's muscular arms with dragon tattoos.

"Yeah, sure I am," said Fred. He leaned back in his seat and nearly fell over but straightened himself back up.

"You any good?" she asked.

Fred knocked back his alcohol free beer.

"The best," he said.

"Tell me," she replied. She knocked back a double tequila. She was huge compared to Fred.

"Sorry, can't it's all classified." Fred met her steely stare. "How about you?"

"Mine is classified as well but I am a world athlete."

"Yeah, I can jog pretty fast too," countered Fred.

"You want a one on one match?" she asked.

"Sure," said Fred.

Fonnyballs smiled supremely confidently. "Knives or guns?"

Fred leaned forward confidently and drank one of Fonnyballs tequila shots.

"Nah too easy, how about a penalty shoot-out," he replied.

## Finally The Fiendish Plan Revealed

Methane arrived back from the meeting. He met Fred and they found a room on Team Base 33.

"So what's Blowthumbs fiendish plan?" asked Fred.

"It's worse than I thought," said Methane.

He placed a big bag of cash on the table.

"They're planning to take over all the sports of the world and give everyone bags of cash and free expensive watches! They also gave me this," said Methane.

Fred took a look at the booklet which was free entry into all of the theme parks of the world.

"My God they are so evil!" said Fred and pocketed the free theme park entries and tried on a watch.

"So what are we going to do?!" Then Fred appeared confused. "But first I have a question. Does that include board games?"

"YES FRED EVERY GAME IN THE WORLD! I have to inform SMARFASS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."

However the lights in the room dimmed and Blowthumb's face appeared on the overhead monitors.

"Ah Agent Methane we finally meet" said Blowthumb. "I know we met earlier but I did not have the proof you worked for SMARFASS and now I do so now I can say we finally meet. Prepare to meet your doom. Sotcre Security will dispose of you. They are dressed in jumpsuits with a special logo I designed myself and metal helmet and will do my evil bidding."

Fred opened the door to the room and saw Sotcre Security gathering at the end of the corridor.

Some of Sotcre Security were sitting on what looked like tricycles with laser mounted guns.

Fred slammed the door shut as they prepared to storm their room.

"We're surrounded!" shouted Fred.

"I need to think!" replied Methane. He put on his thinking face.

But then an axe began to break down their door.

Fred wanted to scream but covered his mouth.

A hole was knocked in the door and then Fred's worst nightmare was realized.

Fonnyballs looked in through the hole in the door and smiled in an evil way.

"HERE'S FONNYBALLS!" she said in a really creepy way.

Fred didn't know whether to smile or scream but kept his hand over his mouth.

"This way!!!" shouted Methane realizing there was another door out of the room leading down another corridor.

"Power run ON!" said Methane and he sprinted down the corridor.

Fred tried his best to follow Methane and then they were shortly followed by Sotcre Security some of whom were on their tricycles firing badly aimed laser beams which mostly burned holes in the walls of Base 33.

Blowthumb played Theme Park music over the speakers and some of Sotcre Security sang along as they fired their laser weapons.

Fred and Methane ran past a Team 33 player who was in a closed bar all on his own.

He was talking to himself and stealing some of the Rum.

He continued to talk to himself as Sotcre Security also ran and rolled by him.

By the time he turned around they were all gone.

Finally, Fred and Methane escaped out onto the surface of the moon shortly afterwards chased by Socrate Security.

Fred kept up with Methane who continued to power run while Fred drove along side him in a moon buggy.

His power run looked strangely different in the low gravity on the moon.

## The Exciting Ending

Fred and Methane sat in the centre of a crater.

They had jumped from the edge of the crater to avoid being caught.

Fred caught his breath in the pressure controlled building.

"What do we do now?" he asked.

"We can blast our way out," said Methane finding some laser guns in the storage room which had atmosphere. "Then we head for Australia."

"Why Australia?"

"When we drop out of orbit it'll be easy to see where we need to splash down," said Methane.

"Splash down?" said Fred sounding nervous. "Don't they have sharks there?"

"Sure but just kick them in the face," said Methane.

"Do you think Blowthumb knows we're here?" asked Fred.

"No I don't think so," replied Methane. "So we go on the count of three."

"So you are really sure they're not waiting for us?"

Methane nodded.

\*\*\*

On the top of the crater, Blowthumb stood with Fonnyballs looking down on Methane and Fred's hiding place.

"So they are hiding in the small building at the center of the crater?"

"Yes," replied Fonnyballs. "All one hundred thousand Soctre Security are waiting for them to blast their way out and then we will fire back."

Blowthumb laughed in an evil Soctre way.

A battalion of Soctre tanks moved into place.

Eventually Methane and Fred blasted their way out and one hundred Soctre Security agents fired back.

\*\*\*

Blowthumb walked over to the remains of Methane and Fred.

He leaned down to examine the corpses. Fred's rubber face dropped off to reveal a Soctre Robot under the mask.

Methane also had a prosthetic mask and was really a robot.

Fonnyball's face also peeled off and she was also really a robot.

In his space suit, Ernesto the ferret jumped up and down angrily and so did Blowthumb.

Then the one hundred thousand Soctre Troops also jumped up and down angrily.

They had been fooled again.

Blowthumb shook his fist at the Earth and the escaping space ship.

"Give me back my vouchers!!" he screamed.

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In the escaping Space Ship accelerating from the moon, Fonnyball piloted the ship heading for Australia.

Fred and Fonnyballs floated in the zero gravity together sipping Champagne.

"Where's Methane?" asked Fonnyballs.

"Oh he's outside hanging on, I'll let him in later," said Fred.

He switched off his radio receiver and some melodic music played indicating the mission was over.

**\*\*THE END\*\***

## **\*\*Crap Bonus Story\*\* Sunlight**

### **Sunlight - 0 - The Message From The Invaders**

This story is rated 'B' for Bad

*Voice Over: People of Earth we will surround your world with a shield until there is no sunlight left and then we will invade.*

On Earth in Dublin in the 1980s the people of the city and Earth looked up into the sky which seemed very close as a tin foil shield began to surround planet Earth. Earth looked like a painted bouncy ball. The powerful shield had some small tinfoil tears but too small for anything to escape.

"They must come from an advanced species," said the two grave diggers in the Pub The Gravediggers.

"What will we do when the Earth is covered by the shield?" asked a tourist.

"Our army will fight them," said a man in a military uniform who was in the Pub.

### **Sunlight - 1 - Darkness is coming**

In the dark room, a man in a suit sat with another man in a jump suit.

"Are the defences prepared for the invasion?"

"The fighter jets have been prepared."

The man in the jumpsuit put on a pair of goggles.

"I will lead the squadron of fighter jets."

Outside the room where it was really dark, some bright sunlight could be seen behind the curtains.

### **Sunlight - 2 - Attack of the Space Ships**

The squadron of fighter jets which looked like small toys attached to sticks lifted off to fight the alien invaders.

"I can't fight them! There too many!!" shouted the man with the goggles. Behind him a curtain moved back and forward.

His ship hit a tin foil UFO which wobbled and the fighter plane went on fire like it was being burned by a match.

### **Sunlight - 3 - Fear on the Streets**

On Grafton Street where there was a mime artist, the survivors stood together.

Behind them was a curtain where it looked like people were going to work.

"This must be one of the aliens," said a young man who was bleeding tomato ketchup.

"They must not know how to communicate with us," replied a girl who had metal helmet on and sunglasses.

The alien mime artist ignored them.

### **Sunlight - 4 - Total Darkness**

In the graveyard the two men looked terrified as another man climbed out of a hole in what looked like a garden.

Both grave diggers looked terrified.

One man threw himself onto the ground.

The other man clutched his throat and then curled up.

The man who arose from the grave walked away slowly and then tripped over the branch of a tree because he has his eyes closed.

### **Sunlight - 5 - Chased**

The girl with the metal helmet and the sunglasses screamed and ran into a room.

The man from the grave opened the door and stretched out his arms.

The girls screamed and ran around the man from the grave.

The man from the grave sneezed and rubbed his nose.

The phone in the house rang and some lady answered it downstairs.

The walking corpse sneezed again.

### **Sunlight - 6 - They Have Robots**

What looked like two small toy robots began to walk across the floor of a school corridor.

Lots of teenagers screamed very dramatically.

One of them fought off a smile as she tried to cry out.

One of the boys leapt forward with a bow and arrow.

He fired the bow and arrow and both robots fell over like the ground under them had been moved.

All the teenagers shouted with joy.

Behind them someone told them to get back to their classes.

## Sunlight - 7 - Terrifying Creatures

In the car in the darkness, the remaining survivors looked back at one of the creatures from the space ship.

It looked like a toy squirrel being dragged behind the car by a piece of string.

"Faster! Faster!" shouted one of the survivors who looked like one of the mother's of the teenagers.

Then unexpectedly a squirrel whose mouth was covered in blood that was like tomato ketchup dropped in front of them.

The mother screamed.

A picture was then shown of a toy car on fire.

## Sunlight - 8 - The Earth Is Saved

The man in the uniform stood near an Observatory.

"Fire the missiles!" he said.

A man dressed in a kilt saluted and let off a rocket.

The tin foil shell around the Earth was torn apart.

The Earth bounced around like it was on a piece of string.

*Voice over: An so it was that the Earth was saved by people of incredible bravery with very little resources.*